

SONNET X.



LIP not, sweet Love, the wings of
my Desire,

Although it soar aloft, and mount
too high: But rather, bear with me,
though I aspire,

For I have wings to bear me to the
sky. What though I mount, there is no
sun but thee!

And sith no other sun, why should I
fear ? Thou wilt not burn me, though
thou terrify!

And though thy brightness do so great
appear, Dear! I seek not to batter down
thy glory;

Nor do I envy that thy hope
increaseth ! O never think, thy fame
doth make me sorry!

For thou must live by fame, when
beauty ceaseth. Besides, since from one
root we both did spring, Why should not
I, thy fame and beauty sing ?



SONNET XI.

INGED with sad woes, why doth fair
ZEPHYR blow

Upon my face (the map of
discontent) ? Is it to have the weeds of
sorrow grow

So long and thick, that they will ne'er be
spent ? " No, fondling! No ! It is to cool the
fire

Which hot Desire within thy breast hath
made. Check him but once, and he will soon
retire! "

O but he sorrows brought which cannot
fade. " The sorrows that he brought, he took
from thee,

Which fair FIDESSA span, and thou must
wear! Yet hath she nothing done of cruelty,

By (for her sake) to try what thou wilt bear!
" Come, sorrows ! come ! You are to me
assigned! Fll bear you all! It is FIDESSA'S
mind!